THE

Last Will and Testament

OF THE

Late Lord Chancellour,

Made upon his Death-Bed in the Tower.

2. *May*. 1689.

IN the Name of Ambition, *the only God of my own setting up and worshipping, together with* Cruelty, Treachery, Perjury, Pride, Intolence, &c. *His ever adored Angels and Archangels, cloven-footed, or otherwise*, Amen.

I *George*, sometimes Lord, but always *Jefferys*, being in no good bodily Health, (my once great Heart at present being dwindled to the Diminutive Dimensions of a French bean, but in found and perfect Memory of High Commissions, *Quo Warranto's*, Regulations, Dispensations, Pillorizations, Flaugations, Gibbetations, Barbarity, Butchery, Tyranny, together with the Bonds and Tyes of Right, Justice, Equity, Law, and Gospel, as also those of Liberty, Property, *Magna Charta*, *&c.* not only at divers and sundry, but at all times by me religiously broken; and being reminded by my Sins before me, do make my last Will and Testament, in manner and form following.

Imprimus, Because it has always been the modish Departure of Great *Men* and Greater Sinners, to leave some Legacy to pious Uses, I give and bequeath 1000 *l.* towards the building of a Shrine and a Chappel to *St. Coleman*, for the particular Devotion of a late very great English Zealot; for whose Glory I farther order my Executors to bear half Charges in inserting and restraining the sacred *Papers* and *Memoirs* of the said Saint, in those Divine Legends, *The Lives of the Saints*, by the hand of his Reverend, and no less industrious Successor, Father *Peters*; that so the never-dying Renown of the long sworn meritorious (tho' unfortunate) Vengeance, against the *Northern* Heresie, (in which once-hopeful Vineyard I have been no small Labourer) may be transmitted to posterity by so pious a Recorder.

Item. As a Legacy to her late Consort-*Majesty* of *Great Britain*, my sometimes Royal Patroness, I do bequeath 3000 crowns to Holy Mother-Church, to purchase, through his Holiness, and the good Lady of *Loretto's* intercession, the same Benediction to the French Waters of *Spaw*, they once vouchsafed to the English ones of *Bath*, to give her *Majesty* the Conception of a Duke of *York* to her Prince of *Wales*; humbly, with my dying breath, requesting, for the future silencing of malice and confutation of infidelity, that her said *Majesty* would in due prudence graciously please to select out for her next labour, but half as able Witnesses and *reeking* Spectators of her Delivery as my self, there being in her late case no person in the world a more experimentally substantial Evidence of a male Child, born of the Body of a Queen, at full growth at 8 months, when 'tis so notoriously known, that my own first Female Child of my Wives was at the like full growth born at five months.

Item, In tenderness and hearty good-will to my sometime-Friends and Allies on the other side the Herring-pond, I think fit (as a small Mite to the great Cause) to order my Executors out of my late Son-in-law's Estate, saved by my own *Chancery* Decree from the *Salisbury Creditors*, as much Money to be remitted over to the true and trusty *Tyrconnel*, as will purchase new Liveries of the best *Irish* Frieze, compleatly to rig a whole Regiment of his new-rais'd *Teagues*; as also, the like quantity for the rigging of another Regiment of *French* Dragoons, now sending over to his Excellencies Succour; his *Gallick* Majesty having long since ordered the Edict of *Nants*, and all other the Parliamentary Heretick Records of *France*, to be given 'em *gratis*, to make 'em Taylors measures of, in Intimation of the *English Magna Charta*, sometime since designed for the same Use.

But above all, to take Care for my own Decent Funeral, lest my *Executors*, to save the Charches of Christian Burial, should drop me under Ground, as slovenly as my Old great Master, at *Westminster*, I think fit to Order the Rites and Ceremonies of my Obsequies, as follows.

Imprimis, I desire that my Funeral Anthems be all set to the Tune of Old *Lilli burlero*, that never to be forgotten *Irish Shiboloth*, in Commemoration not only of 200000 Heresticks, that formerly Danc'd off to the same Tune, lately designing, setting, and composing by a Great Master of Mine, and my Self. The said Anthem to be Sung by a Train of Seven or Eight Hundred Orphans of my own making in the *West*, who in their Native Raggs (a Livery likewise of my own Donation) as a Dress fitest for the sad Cavalcade, will (I am assured) be no way wanting in their readiest and ablest Melody, suitable to the Occasion.

Item, I order 200 *Facebusses* to be laid out in Myrrh, Frankincense, and other necessary Perfumes, to be burnt at my Funeral, to sweeten, if possible, some little stink, I may probably leave behind me.

Item, I Order an Ell and a half of fine Cambrick to be cut out into Handkerchiefs, for drying up all the wet Eyes at my Funeral, together with half a pint of burnt Claret, for all the Mourners in the Kingdom.

To Conclude. For avoiding all Chancery Suits about the Disposal of my aforesaid Legacies, that the Contents of this my Last Will may be made publick, I order my *Executors* to take Care that

This may be Printed.

Printed for *W. Thompson*, 1689.